

Life

Freshman Number



John Held Jr.

September 29, 1910

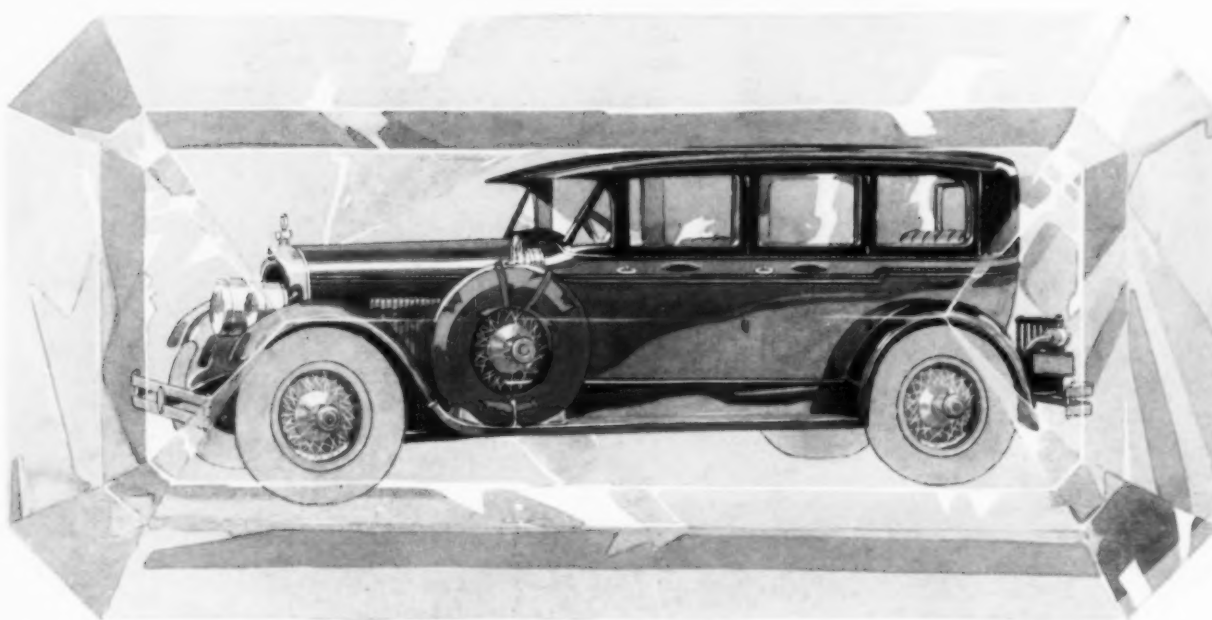
Entrance Examinations

Price 15-cents

color inspired by jewels



cious and semi-precious stones Marmon is following Nature's own lead — from the stripings on the exterior which tend optically to lower the car's sweeping lines, to the last detail of interior appointment, emphasis is laid on the achievement of beautiful color effects in the better taste —



Series 75

Marmon has again taken the initiative in the creation of characterful color schemes for the motor car by turning for inspiration to jewel stones and their matrices, where luminous brilliancy is combined with more subdued tonings to produce perfect color symphonies — nature's own effects, even when daring, are authentically beautiful; but she does not dip her brush in the same pigments for the wing of a butterfly and a Painted Desert or a gem stone — she adapts color to material — in taking color notes from the pre-

SERIES 75 Custom-Built Sedan for Seven Passengers on Marmon precision-built chassis. A symphony in Turquoise and Ivory—its harmonies derived directly from the Mexican and Arabian Turquoise and their matrix, with stripings after the Jacynth. Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis. Prices, \$3195 and upward, f. o. b. factory.

— — —
MARMON
— — —



Auto-Education

THE car which Fred to college took

Was thought unequal to a book
Toward getting a degree,
But on its hood he painted quotes
From poets and his Spanish notes
And dates from history.

The formulæ upon one side
Were chemical. A physics guide
Was scratched upon the top.
The very license of his bus
Was figured out in calculus,
Perplexing to a cop.

His mileage read in parasangs,
And some of Cicero's harangues
Were posted on the dash.
Botany specimens were pinned
On seats or placed between the
wind-
Shields, guarded from a crash.

And so although this college boy
Drove often forth on rides of joy
And burned the midnight "gas,"
Professors who had seen his car
Were certain that the boy'd go far
And could not fail to pass.

Fairfax Downey.

Six Easy Lessons in How to Become Self-Conscious

I

AIM politely at mouth with fork-
ful of salad. Become aware
that hostess is addressing you. Turn
head, trying to relinquish lettuce
gracefully.

II

Take pretty girl for walk in
country. Notice large gray fruit
hanging from branch. Wonder what
humming sound means. Poke fruit
curiously with stick.

III

Awake in friend's home, realizing
that bathrobe was not packed. Creep
down hall in state of pajamas.
Grab bathroom door and dive inside.
Back hastily out and wonder which
is the bathroom anyway.

IV

Hear car behind tooting arro-
gantly. Decide on a lesson in cour-
tesy. Hold middle of road for some
distance. Hear wife remark that it
is an official car containing three
State policemen.

V

Remark to acquaintance that, after
all, Tolerance is a great thing. Dis-
cover that he is a Fundamentalist.

VI

Bend over. Feel something split.

H. F.

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



"Old Briar Has
Re-Converted
Me to Pipe Smoking"...

All of the old enjoyment, solace and
solid comfort of pipe smoking...
that's what Old Briar Tobacco is bring-
ing back to pipe smokers! Letters come
from men everywhere, every day, telling
of the pleasure and satisfaction that each
pipeful of Old Briar gives them.

Light up your pipe filled with Old
Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe fragrance
and aroma of its superior leaf. Taste its
full natural flavor. Smoke it awhile. No-

tice how cool and slow burning it is—
and how smooth. Now you know why so
many thousands of pipe smokers say Old
Briar is "the best pipe smoke ever made."

It has taken years of scientific knowl-
edge in the art of mellowing and blend-
ing and generations of tobacco culture
to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by
step Old Briar has been developed—
step by step perfected. It all shows up
in the smoke.

*The above tribute to Old Briar is all the more convincing because it was entirely unsolicited.

Of all the pleasures man
enjoys, pipe smoking
costs about the least.



50c

TO DEALERS: Old Briar is sold in
sealed Pocket packages at 5c and sealed boxes
at 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If your jobber has not
supplied you, write us and we will send you a
sample by prepaid Parcel Post at regular
Dealer's prices. Every box and package of
Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.



25c

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

L.F.-9-29-27

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: On receipt of this coupon with
your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c
size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a
25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your
dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only
50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with
coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.



A man can choose—be it plain or fancy color, stripes or plaids, silk or silk-and-wool, he can find exactly the sock he wants for his particular needs in this famous long-mileage

PHOENIX HOSIERY

M I L W A U K E E



Prehistoric Picture Writer: I SAY, FUZZFACE, MY SPELLING IS A BIT OFF TO-DAY—ARE THERE TWO FISH IN "EMBARRASS" OR ONLY ONE?

Two Society Column Readers Meet After Vacation

"HELLO, old man. Where did you migrate?"

"Upstate. I have been summering at a well-known mountain hostelry. It was a veritable Mayfair. And where did you pass the season?"

"At the oceanside. I stopped at the exclusive Sea View House. It was taxed to capacity. Did you have a good time in the mountains?"

"Yes, it was a banner week. I was fêted on every side in a series of delightful social affairs. The giving of teas featured the season, and we had many picnic luncheons and enjoyed the picturesque countryside."

"Was there a large attendance of bon tons?"

"Yes, and of blue bloods, too. The list of those present read like a page out of the *Social Register*. And how was the beach?"

"A glorified social Eden. It was the center of fashionable activity and replete with entertainment on a lavish scale. A distinguished company of New York matrons occupied the verandah."

"I suppose you were enlivened by a pageant?"

"Indeed we were. And the participants vied with one another in the originality and beauty of their costumes. It was a most colorful affair."

"Afterwards did you dance until the 'wee sma' hours?"



Freshman: WHY DO THEY CALL THIS THE HIGHER EDUCATION?

Senior: BECAUSE IT'S OVER YOUR HEAD.

"We did. King Merriment reigned. The grounds were tastefully decorated with Japanese lanterns and presented an animated appearance."

"That sounds gay, all right. And what marked the height of the season's program?"

"The highwater mark of the season's program was the Nineteenth Annual Invitation Baby Parade and Beefsteak Dinner. It was an event of major importance."

"I'll wager it was a fitting climax to the festive period. Are you back for good?"

"Yes. I have returned to New York-on-Hudson, where I shall engage in business for the winter."

"Me, too. Say, I'm in the Misses' Wear Department now."

"I'm in the Household Goods. Well, I'll see you in the elevator sometime. So long."

W. W. Scott.

Cold Cash

HE: What did Johnson get for inventing that new electric refrigerator?

SHE: A cool million.



"ARE YOU RUSHING SOME GOOD PROSPECTS FOR THE FRATERNITY?"
 "I SHOULD SAY SO! TWO FUR COATS, ONE CADILLAC, AND THREE BEAUTIFUL SISTERS."

The Complete Collegian

I JUST love college.

The privilege of not being compelled to know anything for four years....

The excuse for being supported in luxury far from the annoyances of home and family....

The reasonable expectation of being sent to loaf in Europe every summer....

The duty of attending all the big athletic events as a part of one's education....

The right to indulge the human weakness for fancy dress....

The pleasure of being deferred to by Father and Mother on vacations at home....

The exemption from the Eighteenth Amendment....

I just love college.

I never attended one.

McCreedy Huston.

Variable

A CHILLED and uncomfortable traveler, waiting for his train on the shelterless, wind-swept platform of the junction station, accosted a native of the village.

"Say, does the wind blow this way all the time?" he asked.

"No," replied the native; "sometimes it turns around and blows the other way."

Help Wanted—Male

Mr. Lon Chaney,
Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR MR. CHANEY:

As you may have read in the papers, the Republican Party has high hopes of placing a candidate in the field in the coming Presidential election.

Inasmuch as our Mr. Coolidge has chosen not to run again, we find ourselves in need of a competent man, well versed in the art of make-up and costuming, to play the part.

We have often admired your extraordinary screen characterizations, and are therefore offering you the position, should you be free to accept.

The work required will be somewhat more severe than that to which you have been accustomed, but we all feel that an actor of your experience and ability cannot fail to make a success of the post.

A few of the types you would be called upon to portray are: a new England farmer, an Indian chief, a locomotive engineer, a cowboy, a Forty-Niner, a rocking-chair summer boarder, a Mid-Western politician, a fisherman, and a newspaper-man-once-myself.

As we are planning some little expansion during the next eight years, you might also be asked to portray a modern New York Mayor, a Southern Colonel, a transatlantic flyer, a Chicago gunman, a Florida realtor, or even a movie hero.

May we hear from you at your earliest convenience?

Sincerely yours,

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Creighton Peet.

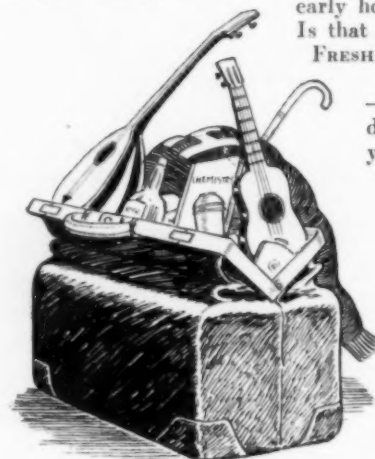
A Friend at Court

PROFESSOR: Henry, I hear that you have been making—er—dates with Minnie, the boarding-house keeper's daughter, and staying out with her until the early hours of the morning.

Is that right?

FRESHMAN: Yes, sir. Why?

PROFESSOR: Well—er—ahem—I wonder if you could use your influence to get me a date with her sister Grace.



A FRATERNITY GRIP.

ONE of the interesting features during the coming season at the Capitol will be the appearance of President Coolidge in modern dress.



The Most Convenient Time

Oculist: YOUR EYES ARE IN A BAD WAY. YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE THEM A REST.

College Student: THAT'S ALL RIGHT — I'M GOING BACK TO COLLEGE THIS WEEK, ANYWAY.

The Up-to-Date College Catalogue

REQUIRED for the degree of Bachelor of Arts:

ENGLISH: An opportunity to learn what books, which are regarded as literature and which therefore ought to be read, are kept under lock and key in the public libraries.

GREEK: An elementary course, the purpose of which is to accustom the student to reading the letters on the fraternity houses at a glance.

HISTORY: See Adam and Eve, Cleopatra, Louis XIV, "Old Ironsides," etc., in the movies.

Required for the degree of Bachelor of Science:

TRIGONOMETRY: Will help you

improve your game. Also an advanced course for future country-club engineers.

PHYSICS: Entertaining, mystifying, fascinating. Watch the professor perform sleight-of-hand.

CHEMISTRY: Intensive laboratory course, featuring chemistry in the home, bungalow, apartment, office, club, or wherever you mix them.

Required for the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration:

PUGILISM: Limited number of students from the thousands of applicants admitted to this course. Candidates for the degree are di-

vided into two groups. Group 1 consists of those who can fight; Group 2, of those who can promote fights or manage fighters.

ECONOMICS, BANKING AND COMMERCE, FOREIGN TRADE, ETC.: These courses have been discontinued.

Bill Sykes.

Gute Nacht!

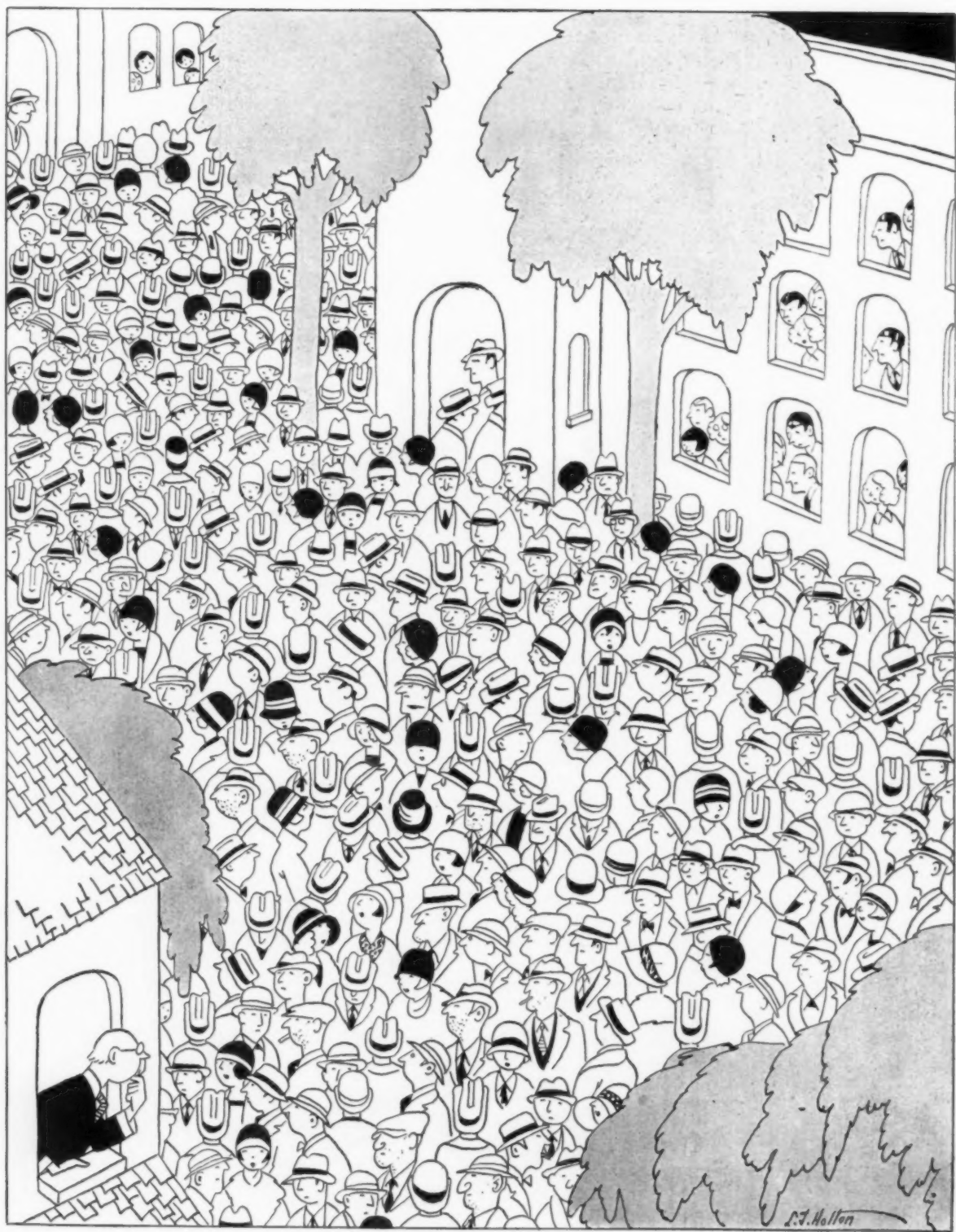
FIRST RADIO FAN: So you think you got Germany on your set?

SECOND RADIO FAN: I'm sure I did. What's the German for "Good night, kiddies"?



First Freshman: HE'S GOT A GOOD LINE OF WISECRACKS, HASN'T HE?

Second Freshman: YES, HE'S READ EVERY FORD IN TOWN.



A View of Any Campus

IF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE SELLING MAGAZINE
SUBSCRIPTIONS ACTUALLY WENT TO COLLEGE.

Rehearsal

SHADRACH: Lissen, fellas, we gotta revamp this ac'. It's terrible, this ac' is. An' tha King's gonna be here Wensy matnay. We gotta pep it up an' make it look dangeruss, see!

MESHACH: He ain't comin' Wensy matnay, he's comin' Wensy night. Belteshazzar tole me himself.

SHADRACH: Yeah, what Belteshazzar knows...! Lissen, we gotta get summore gags somewhere; this ac' is as bare as a chorus girl's back!

ABEDNEGO: Harhar, thass a good one—put it in the ac'.

SHADRACH: They won't stan' for no rough stuff; 'siz a family house. Come on, you two flops, help me push tha furnace out...Less go. Gee, I wish we had th' orchessra.

SHADRACH, MESHACH AND ABEDNEGO:

Here-we-are-three-funny-souls

Walking-round-upon-tha-coals....

MESHACH: Gee, thass rotten!... Lissen, less sing, "A Hot Time in the Ole Town To-night" instead.

SHADRACH: Too old—orchessra ain't got it. Lissen, we can put some more flares aroun'. An' a coupla big ones there by the furnace door... make it look dangeruss, see.

ABEDNEGO: Hey, whadda ya think we are, pheenixes? Fya don't look



"I TRIED TO DATE THAT DAME UP FOR THE MOVIES LAST NIGHT AND SHE SAID SHE'D COME HERE TO STUDY, NOT TO FOOL AROUND."
"GOSH—AREN'T SOME WOMEN DUMB!"

out somebody's gonna get burnt around here!

SHADRACH: Well, it's gotta look dangeruss, ain't it?

ABEDNEGO: Yeah, an' it's gonna be dangeruss!

SHADRACH: Well, we gotta do somethin'. This ac' is terrible!

MESHACH: Lissen, can't we lift that gag the Lion Ac' used—you know, the one where tha Christian says, "This will just make martyrs worse!"

ABEDNEGO: Terrible!

MESHACH: Say, if yar so good, sappose ya give us some gags yaself.

ABEDNEGO: I din't say I knew no gags. I juss said that one was terrible.

SHADRACH: Lissen, Abe, ya don't like tha gags an' ya won't stand for no more flares—yar a great help!

ABEDNEGO: All right, all right. Go ahead and put flares all over tha furnace—I jussoon get burnt as lissen ta yar gags!

SHADRACH: Gee, this ac' is terrible! An' we ain't helpin' it any...Cummon over ta tha Babylon; they's a swell comedy pitcher. Maybe they got some gags in tha subtitles we can use.

Heman Fay, Jr.



Drug Store Patron: MY THROAT'S IN TERRIBLE SHAPE. GIVE ME SOME GOOD COUGH MEDICINE.

Drug Clerk: WE DON'T CARRY IT, SIR. BUT WE HAVE SOME VERY FINE CIGARETTES.

Co-ed

GIRL with the giddy expression,
What are you studying for?
What will you make your profession,
Girl with the giddy expression?
Come now, that Chemistry session—
Didn't you find it a bore?
Girl with the giddy expression,
What are you studying for?
D'Annunzio Cohen.

Putout: Editor to Office Boy

EDITOR: This is not an original joke. I've read it dozens of times and have heard it oftener.

CONTRIBUTOR: That may be. You've heard Pat tell it to Mike; May tell it to June; Brown tell it to Green, Gray, Black or White; Sophomore tell it to Freshman; Yap tell it to Sap; Abe tell it to Izzy; He tell it to She; Husband tell it to Wife; Rastus tell it to Mandy; Near-Sighted Old Lady tell it to Absent-Minded Professor; Doctor tell it to Patient; Knicker tell it to Bocker; First Flapper tell it to Second Ditto. Now I offer it to you as told by Albert G. Simpson to Thomas Cartwright, and you say it's not original!
Bill Sykes.

SPEAKING of women's skirts—
brevity is the soul of "it."



At Dear Old Whatsitsname

"WHAT COLLEGE IS THIS WE'RE AT, ED?"
"SEARCH ME. I DIDN'T CATCH THE NAME, EITHER."

Fairy Story

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: One of the facts, long kept secret and even now not generally known, concerning the Great War is that salmon was greatly relished by the dough-boys. And as proof of their affection for this delicacy, the following story, supposed to have originated in the dining-room of the Hôtel de Ville during the American Legion Convention in Paris, is offered in evidence. If it seems to end abruptly, to be curtailed, to lack a snappy ending, it is because the author has edited it so that it may be told and retold in Boston.)

"WHAT was in that delicious dish we had for lunch?"
"Salmon."

Bill Sykes.

Rewarded

PROPER training certainly shows results. For nineteen years my wife and I labored unceasingly, early and late, teaching our son the noble beauty of generosity and the inherent duty of unselfishness.

At last we got a response to our efforts.

Yesterday he agreed to let us use the car while he is away during the winter semester.

JACK: How long should an engagement last?
JILL: Till the couple get married.

Getting the Boy Ready for School

THE mail these days is full of circulars from the leading clothiers and haberdashers, who, quick to take advantage of the imminent openings of the boarding-schools, propose to outfit your young hopefuls for the coming year. They submit a list of "essentials" which covers fully three and a half pages, and includes the following items:

Umbrella	Norfolk jacket
Riding breeches	Ulster
Rubber boots	Toilet kit
Shoe trees	Laundry bag
Leggings	Smoking jacket
Book-strap	Waterproof

As a veteran of many years in boarding-schools, tutoring-schools, and other institutions of learning, I venture to suggest that three-quarters of the outfitters' lists could be omitted. In fact, here is my selection for the growing boy's wardrobe:

Galoshes (two-buckle)	Slicker (autographed)
Dirty white trousers	Old sweater
1 pair socks	Sneakers
1 bow tie	Pajamas (not "pyjamas")
4 handkerchiefs	Union suit
Suit and knickers	3 soiled shirts

With this equipment, the young preparatory-school lad will be amply provided for the coming semester. And anyway, when he returns at Christmas he will have all his friends' clothes and they will have all of his. So what's the use?

Norman R. Jaffray.

When Girls Get Together

"HAVE you heard the latest scandal about Grayce and her husband?"

"Isn't it dreadful!"

"Awful!"

"By the way, what is it again?"

"Why, I thought you knew all about it! I haven't the faintest idea."

"Let's go right over to Helene's. She'll know."

"Yes, let's! I'm sure it must be frightful!"

"Hideous!"

C. C.



Wonderful Man

Ethel: DOES HERBERT SPEND HIS MONEY RIGHT?

Mae: YES; AND LEFT, TOO.



A Pathetic Figure

THE BOY WHO WON FIRST PLACE
IN THE SCREEN TESTS LAST
SPRING RETURNS TO COLLEGE
FROM HOLLYWOOD.

A History of Necking

First Epoch

NECKING is discovered by Marc Antony and Cleopatra. While Rome is learning about necking from Marc, Cleo is winning the title of "The Serpent of the Nile." Her rough necking is throwing the historians of the time into spasms of hieroglyphics. Scientists discover that a snake is 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ per cent. neck.

Second Epoch

Necking has now reached France. Louis XVI designates days to be given over to the sport. The fact is that Louis is going to lose his head over it! We have only to look back to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth to see that great strides have been made, for during their time necking was still in the ruff.

Third Epoch

Some one tells it to the Marines, and they become the undisputed champions of necking, and gain for themselves the name of leathernecks.

Fourth Epoch

Progress is not to be denied. The rubberneck wagon has lifted necking above the level of the streets, and prolonged the human neck by several vertebrae. Things are getting too hot for the celluloid collar; some low necker has invented the sport shirt, and cotton stockings are on their last legs.

Fifth Epoch

Higher education reaches out with a helping hand. College students get their heads together and adopt necking as a major sport. Modern youth is fast learning the value of team work, and a new generation is carrying on, neck and neck.

James Mulholland.



THE TENNIS CHAMPION BECOMES A
CONCERT VIOLINIST.

New Tricks for Non-Stop Flyers

THE first non-stop flight from New York City to New York City via Chicago.

The first rescuer to rescue a rescuer of a non-stop plane bound from Detroit to New Guinea.

The first flyer to fly from this country to Dover, England, and to swim from there to Calais, towing his seaplane behind him.

The first Congressman to fly twelve thousand miles from Washington, D. C., in any direction.

The first flight from one of Tex Rickard's ringside seats to the ring. (Not necessarily non-stop.)

Parke Cummings.

"OH, Tommie, how did you ever get such a black eye?"

"Because I did not choose to run, Mother."



THE CLASS IN ADVANCED SANDWICH MAKING
AT THE COLLEGE OF PHARMACY.

Silly Idea

"I DON'T owe anybody, and now I can look every man straight in the eyes and tell him to go to the devil."

"What's the idea of doing that, if you don't owe anybody?"



"WHAT BRANCH OF THE LITERARY GAME ARE YOU GOING IN FOR?"

"I'M UNDECIDED. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TAKE THE COURSE IN SHORT-STORY WRITING, OR THE ONE ON HOW TO TEACH SHORT-STORY WRITING."

A Vassar Freshman Writes Home

DEAREST MOMSY:

I'm thrilled with it here already and am awfully glad I decided on Vassar instead of Smith or Wellesley because the colors are pink and white and I was asking a girl I know who is a sophomore this year and she said it's much cheaper to telephone to New Haven from here than from Wellesley or Smith and she knows because she flunked out of both she says. Really she's a scream and has been awfully sweet and what do you suppose? The first night I was here who should suddenly appear but Tommy Rinse! He brought that odd sister who is a freshman here this year, too, which makes it sort of awkward because somehow we never got on although it isn't my fault because I have always tried to be nice to her. It is awfully expensive here, you seem to need money for so many things all the time and everybody dresses awfully well. I honestly feel awfully tackie and would like to get a few simple things which you can get in Poughkeepsie really very reasonable. If you could work Dad for about five hundred dollars I might get up the courage to appear in public by the time we have to go to recitations. You need a lot of ready cash because you have to give fudge parties and things which are really

loads of fun because everybody sort of gets together and smokes in somebody's room which I think is perfectly all right only some of the girls produce gin which I think is going rather far, don't you? Oh, I nearly forgot—I need about fifteen dollars for text books which are frightfully expensive even when you get them second hand which is far the best way to get them because they are all marked up with the answers to things you get asked in class, which is sort of a help. Please haste to get round Popsy for that five hundred dollars so you won't be ashamed of your

Affectionate daughter,
Mopsy.



THE MIDNIGHT OIL

Philosophy II
Tuesday, Sept 27, 1927. A.D.

Plato

Collected Reading
Plato's "Republic"
by Friday.

See Reference
Plato's "The Timaeus"
Many West. C.

See "Outline of
Form Reason" by
Finnell & Knoll
Cham. & Co.

Find out who
two were

See reading:
C. S. Lewis
"The Problem
of Pain"
pp. 110-120

Plato's "The Republic" probably the most famous of all his dialogues. Deals with the ideal state as Plato saw it. Socrates never wrote anything, but Plato used Socrates as his model and Soc. is represented as speaking in all Plato's Dialogues. Soc. has two main interests anything himself.

Plato believed that a nation can not be strong unless it believes in God. Man cannot force not enough must also be belief in personal immortality - Granted none of these beliefs can be demonstrated, at least people good to believe.

Theory of Plato's form much misunderstood. Many people think it means entirely spiritual. Not so. Means a balance of two types of form.

By philosophy Plato means an active culture - not passive - Plato is man who least resembles Kant.

Society must be protected not only from but from outside enemies. Must be necessary to protect state. But no war unless necessary. No needless war.

According to Plato, justice is having and doing what is one's own. What does this mean? Justice in a society would be that harmony in relationships whereby the planets are held in their normal relationship and held in their normal relationship in efficient cooperation - human function we are demands in man.

See Ing Filer. Reading position. Just up. Room 14. about how you should do it. Room 14.

September

Two Leaves from a Freshman's Notebook

Designed by Robert Benchley, aged 2.

May

Wiggle

File 2
May 12

Customary in science

YALP
"It is not to the argument must lie
must understand it as

1892

LEAF ERICKSON

"New York
1910-1911"

Empty - interest - pride - make
the argument

Says Nispecha.
Says Wicket?
Says Nispecha.
Says Wicket?
Says Nispecha.
Says Wicket?





Father: WELL, NOW THAT THE SUMMER IS OVER ARE YOU GOING OUT AND GET YOURSELF A JOB?

Son: WHY, NO, FATHER. I THOUGHT I'D WAIT UNTIL SOMEBODY REALLY BIG DISCOVERED ME.

The Editor's Daughter Sends Regrets

DEAR MISS CAVORT:

I regret that your kind invitation for Thursday evening, October sixth, which has received careful consideration, is not in every way adapted to the requirements of my Social Schedule. Please accept my thanks for your courtesy in permitting me to consider it, and feel assured that I am always glad to give your invitations careful consideration and to report promptly as to their availability for my needs.

SIBILANT Z.
DECKER.

Hm!

"HE'S good at Yiddish interpretations."

"Yes, he certainly knows his Milt Grosseries."

FLAPPER'S
version:
Darken the corner where you are.

Clean Slate

MADGE: He's going to turn over a new leaf and shake the old bunch.

MARJORIE: Yes, he's wiped all of the names and pictures off his slicker.

OF course the steamer carrying the Floating University has a paddle wheel for the freshmen.



CENTRAL AMERICAN REVOLUTION COLLAPSES WITH NEWS OF AMERICAN HEAVY-WEIGHT EARNINGS.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

September 5th Established again in the city, where twelve o'clock is but the shank

of the evening instead of the middle of the night, as in the country. We should be sorrily off indeed if we could not refresh ourselves during certain seasons amongst rural sights and sounds, but it cannot be gainsaid that a person of nocturnal tastes and habits is occasionally at a loss in communities wherein Sam, along with two-thirds of our cronies, begins to close up like a water lily as the shadows lengthen, and is at some pains to keep awake for even an hour after he has topped off a fine dinner with a pony of brandy. To Westbury after luncheon, to watch the polo practice, and then to a great party at the Blanks' for the British and American teams, sixty-eight of us sitting down at one table to dine, whereupon Jimmie Cooley said that never in his life had he been at so extensive a board without suffering from oratory, and that it seemed too good to be true that he could go calmly on with his *moutons* without the agonizing expectation of hearing somebody rap on a tumbler and say, "Ladies and Gentlemen." Later, most of the countryside in for dancing, and the band did play "Sometimes I Love You" more than any other tune, which was satisfactory enough to me, albeit the words thereto are the silliest that ever I heard in my life, not excepting the bananas lyric. Up to my bed at

three o'clock, reading "The Mystery at Lover's Cave" to the distant music downstairs, so that I did pause occasionally to ponder, and one of my reflections was upon the dispatch with which sleuths in fiction set to work, so that jewels are recovered and murderers brought

(Continued on page 32)



She: I WONDER IF IT IS REALLY LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND?

He: LET'S GIVE IT A WHIRL AND FIND OUT.

If Lloyd Mayer Had Written Shakespeare

JULIET: What's in a name any-ways? I think any one's terribly foolish to think a name means anything, don't you really think so?

ROMEO: Yeah—I guess so.

JULIET: Because I mean I think a name hasn't anything to do with it, do you think it does?

ROMEO: No, I think you're right.

JULIET: I mean it's simply foul the way some people turn up their noses at names when you could call a rose anything else and it would

smell as sweet, don't you s'pose it would?

ROMEO: You bet.

JULIET: I actually think Juliet is the most perverted name a girl can have, don't you think it is?

ROMEO: Well, I think it's all right, but—

JULIET: I think it's awfully nice of you to say so, but I mean it's such an unusual name, do you know what I mean?

ROMEO: I think it's a nice name.

JULIET: Do you, really?

ROMEO: You bet.

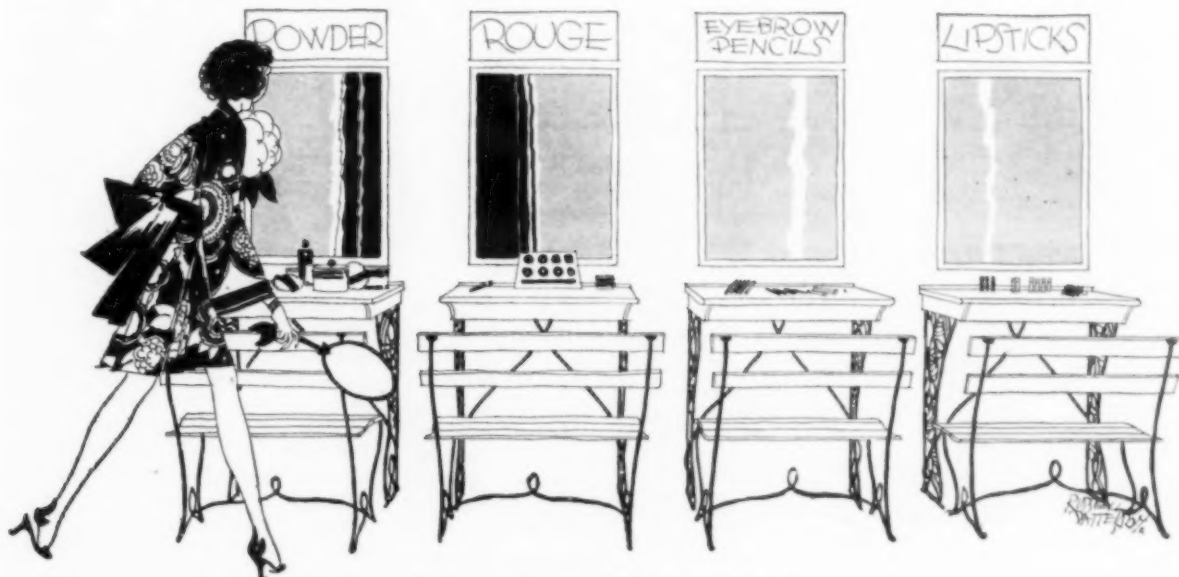
JULIET: Well, I think it's perfectly adorable of you, but it's a terribly unusual name and I'm awfully glad names don't mean anything.

Allan R. Bosworth.

The Sentence Completed

SHE: "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and—"

HE: And that's the way a woman drives a car.



A Young Ladies' Finishing School



SEPTEMBER 29, 1927

VOL. 90. 2343

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

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THE necessity of checking the flyers in the competitive flights over the ocean is another reminder of the prevailing indifference to life. Enough people are willing enough to live, but a lot of people are quite willing to take big chances of not living if thereby they see any advantage coming to them. It was so, they say, in the Middle Ages; killings were frequent, though life, being less sanitary than now, was short enough anyhow.

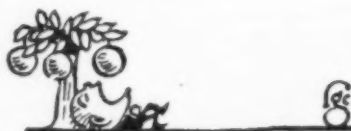
Killing is very common in these States, though much the bigger part of it seems to be done by persons somewhat recently derived from Southern Europe. For many people life is restless and tiring, and the war left many fingers that are quick on the trigger. The immense development of transportation has put almost every one on the road. Staying at home is getting to be one of the lost arts, and a very pretty art it was when well done. A good many things fail of accomplishment when it is neglected.

CURRENT murders are interesting but the public mind seems to be somewhat sated with flying disasters. International polo is on, but up to this writing has not produced any very gripping thrills. Maybe there is suppressed excitement about Henry Ford's new car, now believed to be on the way to birth. It is not guaranteed to be a car that will stay at home and diminish the propensity for getting on the road. On the contrary, it will probably be a good gadder. Still, as

cars go, it will rank as a home body.

The *Times* says it has cost Henry fifteen millions for new machinery. The *World* reports that about fifty millions is a closer estimate of his expenditure. Henry has not published the figures. If he should conclude to do so, he will not have to pay advertising rates on the information. What he does and what his new car may do, and everything about it, true or otherwise, is first-page news.

Roger Babson, the business prophet, says stocks are going to slump and that there is an excess in the United States of everything except religion. There may be an excess of motor cars but Henry Ford does not think so.



MAYOR WALKER seems to like Europe and the liking is reciprocal. We are really getting quite intimate with Europe, and the visit of the Legionnaires will probably increase the intimacy. All that is all in the day's work, and if it is sufficiently prospered Europe may become an issue in the next presidential election. One reads that France is about to send home the Soviet Ambassador and has also reduced the number of French troops on German soil. The complaint against the Russian representative in France was that there was too much Red agitation proceeding from the Russian Embassy. The trouble in London with the Soviet representative

was very much the same. One reads that the Germans rejoice in all signs of a growing military organization on the ground that they are going to need it on their eastern borders.

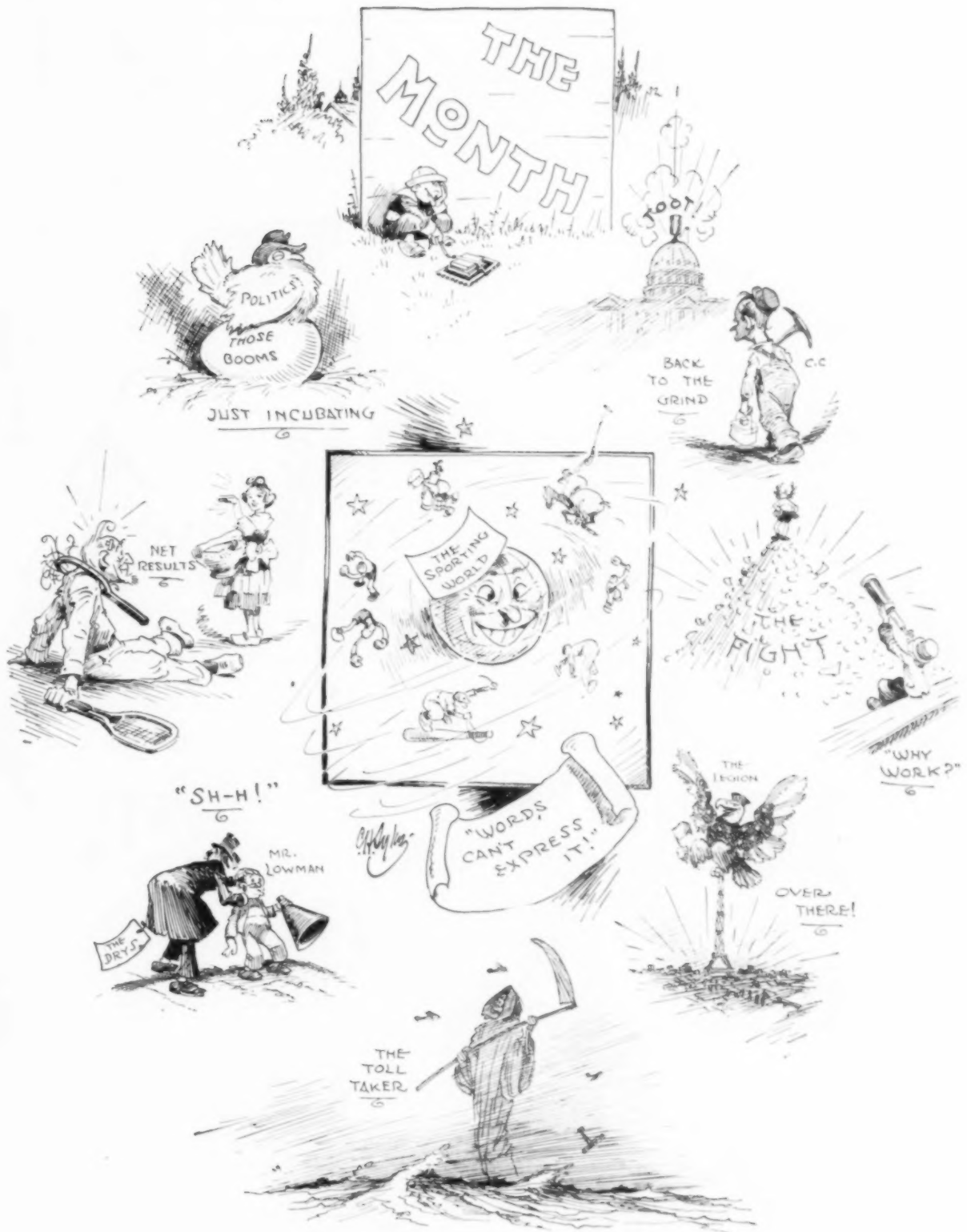
Mr. Rockefeller, Junior, has contributed \$2,000,000 to build a library for the League of Nations. That is another sign of intimacy with Europe, a sign also that there are still people in this country who look upon the League as a permanent institution.

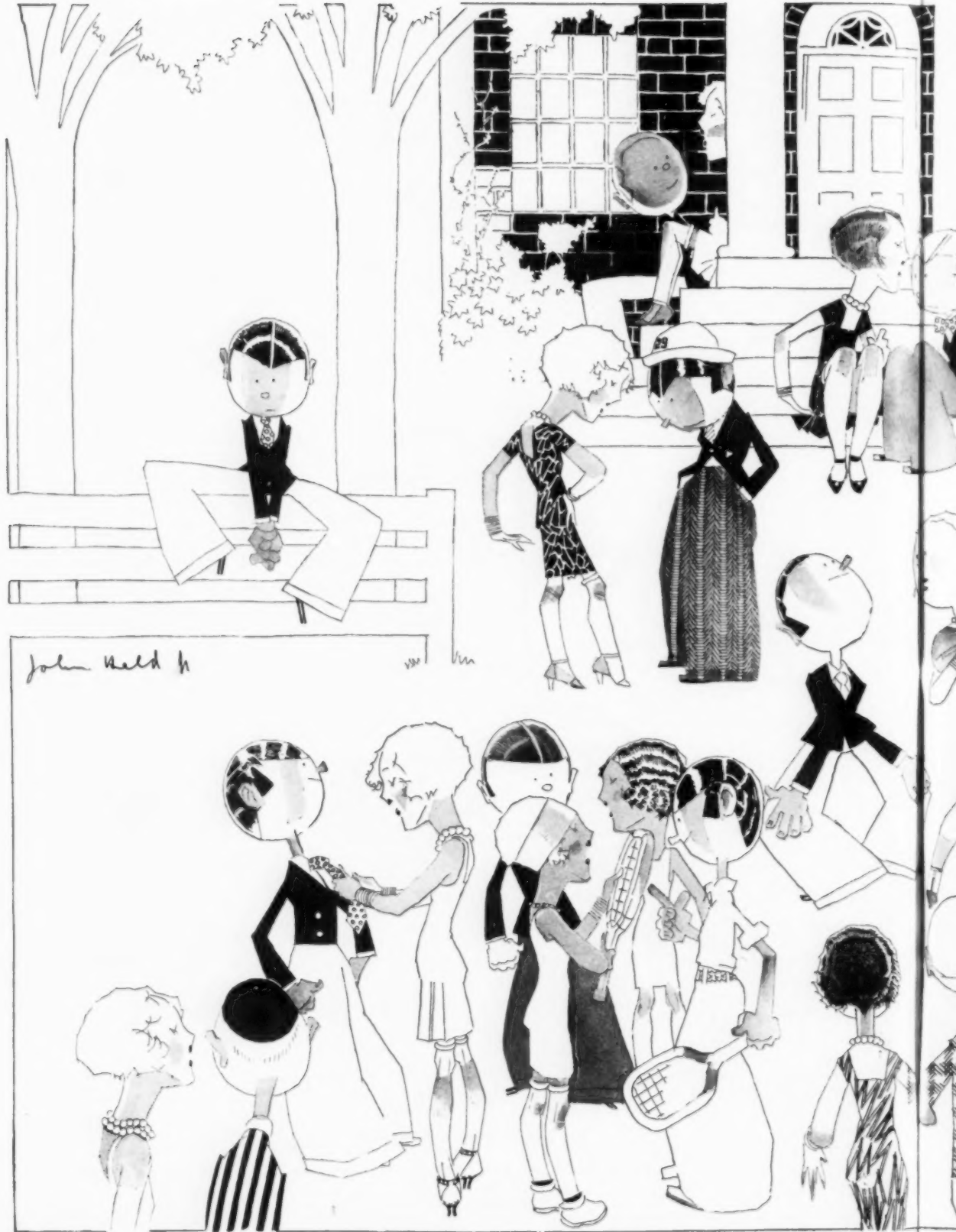


THE French want to borrow one hundred million dollars at 6% to fund a debt on which they are paying 8%. Our bankers want to lend it to them, the President and the State Department seem to have consenting minds, but Mr. Borah is opposed. Oh, well, somebody ought to be opposed to everything! It makes for discussion and consideration. Mr. Borah's opposition to the loan will have the effect of stimulating opposition to Mr. Borah and that, of course, is useful. The trouble is the opposition to him never lasts as it should, because it usually happens that after he has got himself disliked by taking an objectionable stand on some question, he gets into the running again by taking an acceptable stand on some other one. Just as one is ready to smash Mr. Borah, he chirps into some irrepressible conflict in which he is valuable. For example, he comes out now quite stiff for our rights in Panama and seems right about it.

It is likely that this country could be better run than it is being run at present by the gentlemen in charge of its governmental machinery. As to that, Senator Jim Watson, of Indiana, says that he would himself be glad to accept the Republican nomination in 1928. No man, he says, would turn it down if it was offered to him. But Mr. Hughes might! He has had it once and might claim immunity. Senator Jim does not expect the nomination himself, but as a political manager he wants to encourage the idea that it is a good thing and that somebody will take it and run.

E. S. Martin.





Life



oliude

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Black Velvet. *Liberty*—With Arthur Byron. To be reviewed later.

Blood Money. *Hudson*—A melodrama which starts well but gets to talking. Thomas Mitchell and Phyllis Povah.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—With Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone. To be reviewed later.

Creoles. *Klaw*—To be reviewed next week.

Four Walls. *John Golden*—To be reviewed later.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—Last week of this revival of last year's Pulitzer Prize winner. Worth the trip down-town—if you are interested in Negro drama.

The Ladder. *Cort*—Considerable goings-on incident to the process of reincarnation, but hardly worth the bother.

The Letter. *Morasco*—With Katharine Cornell. To be reviewed later.

Revelry. *Masque*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Spider. *Music Box*—Murder mystery with excellent complications.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Sex in Spanish.

Tenth Avenue. *Eltinge*—Home-life among some of the nobler crooks. With William Boyd and Frank Morgan.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *Ritz*—With Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman. To be reviewed next week.

Women Go On Forever. *Forrest*—Reviewed in this issue.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Yeah?

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—With Grant Mitchell. To be reviewed next week.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—A year old and still going strong.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—A story of back-stage at a burlesque show which has some swell features, among them Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck.

Her First Affaire. *Bayes*—Politely sexual in the conventional manner.

Pickwick. *Empire*—A pageant of Dickens characters, lovingly arranged but fairly dull.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl as the matron who saved Rome—and how.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—A comedy of young married life which packs more of a punch than at first appears. Ruth Gordon heads the cast.

Ten Per Cent. *Cohan*—To be reviewed next week.

The Triumphant Bachelor. *Biltmore*—With Robert Ames. To be reviewed next week.

The Wild Man of Borneo. *Bijou*—With George Hassell. To be reviewed next week.

Yellow Sands. *Fulton*—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

A la Carte. *Martin Beck*—A mixture of revue and vaudeville, some of it good, some of it not.

Allez-Oop! *Earl Carroll*—The same applies here. Victor Moore and Charles Butterworth help.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—This one doesn't seem to know that it is a new season and time for all of last season's musicals to be on their way.

Enchanted Isle. *Lyric*—To be reviewed later.

Follies of 1937. *New Amsterdam*—Well, there's Eddie Cantor and lots of girls and—oh, well, you'll go anyway.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A speedy, tune-ful show.

Half a Widow. *Waldorf*—Not one of the best.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—One of the best.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—With Ed Wynn, Lou Holtz and others. To be reviewed later.

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger*—To be reviewed later.

The Mikado. *Royale*—The new Ames revival. To be reviewed later.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—To be reviewed next week.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Now that Marion Harris has joined this show with Phil Baker and Ted Healy, we have another reason for signing O.K.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell in an elegant show.

Rang Tang. *Majestic*—Dressy Negro revue.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler in a beautiful show.

Strike Up the Band. *Imperial*—To be reviewed later.

Time Out

SOPHOMORE: Say, what's all this I hear about Coach putting Bull Fuller on the third team? Bull's the niftiest triple-threat man in the Conference.

JUNIOR: You mean "was." That job he took last summer as a hod-carrier to harden himself just about ruined him.

SOPHOMORE: How d'you mean, "ruined him"?

JUNIOR: Coach says Bull's mind isn't on the play any more. It's on the whistle.

THE Battle of Bunker Hill, as the toothpaste ads would have it: "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their teeth, boys!"

FIRST POLITICIAN: Who's backing this non-partisan candidate?

SECOND POLITICIAN: The non-partisan party.



Senior Society Man: NOW LEARN YOUR SONGS AND YELLS AND DON'T LET ME HEAR ANY UNTOWARD REMARKS OR I'LL SMACK YOU, SEE?



Red Meat

WE, as a department, are not very strong for plays with a message or even a warning. When we hear a play justified on the grounds that "it will do a great deal of good," we fly into a rage and pace up and down the room for hours. Oh, maybe not for hours, but a good long time, anyway.

Imagine our surprise, therefore, to find ourself saying that "Revelry," regardless of its dramatic value, will do a great deal of good. We would even go so far as to say that it ought to be seen just for a lesson in representative government. This attitude on our part amounts practically to a *volte-face*.

Not that "Revelry" hasn't dramatic value. In its loose, episodic manner it manages to pack quite a bit of excitement into its scenes, but much of this is probably due to the essentially dramatic idea of a President of the United States being caught in such a mess. So long as you know that the man with mud down the side of his face and mud on the back of his soul is the Chief Executive of God's Green Footstool, you are bound to get a little kick out of the proceedings anyway. Miss Watkins has not done such a good job with "Revelry" as she did with "Chicago," but "Chicago" was her own brain-child and here she has been working with the brain-child of Samuel Hopkins Adams. And a very impudent, insulting and thoroughly swell child it is, too.



WE cannot see where any question of *lèse-majesté* comes in simply because some very crooked gents are shown up for what they were. Of course, getting Berton Churchill to play the bartered President was piling whatever it is people pile on Ossa. The least they could have done would have been to give him a red beard. But they took the moustache off the Secretary of the Interior, so a certain concession was made to Romance, and a note on the program says that "the action takes place in Washington, D. C., in the day beyond our own day." It does not specify in which direction.

The cast, especially George MacFarlane and Jefferson de Angelis, was chosen with the same loving attention to detail that elected Mr. Churchill President, and they make "Revelry" a vivid and almost compulsory experience for the playgoer who wants to keep up with things.



WHEN we are not being cross at people who like plays "because they do good," we are fulminating against people who dislike plays because they deal with "un-

pleasant types." "Aren't there enough decent folk in the world," they ask, "so that we don't have to have plays about scum?" To which our reply is nothing, partly because we feel that such a remark doesn't deserve a reply and partly because we can't think of one.

For such drama-lovers as must have their characters drawn from the pleasanter pastures of life, "Women Go On Forever" will be a great trial. There is probably no lower aggregation of bums represented on the stage to-day than you will find on the stage of the Forrest Theatre. And the unpleasantness of their actions finally becomes so habitual that the thing passes for comedy and every time some one is killed or violated a loud laugh goes up from the audience. But it is grim comedy and one with considerable power and we came away feeling that Daniel Rubin, the author, has a great deal of stuff. But we felt that after seeing "Devils" a few seasons ago.



MARY BOLAND does much the best work she has done since "The Torch Bearers," and in a new type of part. She is the shepherd of this little flock of rats and on her falls the onerous duty of keeping tabs on the evening's shootings and lecheries, a job which keeps her running from room to room practically every minute. The cast as a whole is good, especially Osgood Perkins, Elizabeth Taylor and Douglass Montgomery, the last two named taking part in one of the most poignant and terrible love-scenes it has ever been our luck to encounter.

Needless to say, the audience laughs at all the wrong places. But if you like to have your drama poked through the bars of your cage at you, you can safely take a chance on "Women Go On Forever." It is miles ahead of most of the stuff you get, unbalanced rations though it may be.

SOMETHING must be said to our stage detectives about their getting so careless of late. In at least three plays in which murders have been committed, the detectives, after visiting the scene of the crime and making a preliminary investigation, have either retired to the attic, leaving the ground floor to the murderers for making raucous plans for escape, or else have left the house entirely and gone home to supper. In "Women Go On Forever," after two suspicious killings have taken place, the police withdraw from the neighborhood while the suspects and their friends dash in and out of the house like characters in a French farce. Have we citizens no rights to protection? Is this city to be turned into a highway for crooks and murderers without fear of arrest? (Answers to-morrow.)

Robert Benchley.



An Offer of Marriage

First Co-ed: BILLIE PROPOSED TO ME LAST NIGHT.

Second Co-ed: DID HE REALLY?

First Co-ed: YES, HE SAID HIS FATHER COULD EASILY WORK MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE, TOO.

The Dear Old Days

MY dear old college days have gone
And I've been having thoughts thereon
Whereof, somehow, the prevalent trend
Has been toward the financial end.
My neckties—fifty bucks a year.
Clothing, a thousand; pretty near.
Theatres, two hundred. Football bets,
Five hundred more. Stud poker debts,
Another thousand. Liquor, three.
That was the average for me.
My lodging, board, tuition—hell!
Why speak about a bagatelle?
Twenty-five thousand, more or less,
Before I nailed my prized B. S.

* * *

Now I know why, as back I gaze,
We called them dear old college days!

Baron Ireland.

CONSOLATORY thought for Uncle Sam—Immigration is the sincerest form of flattery.

The Late Set

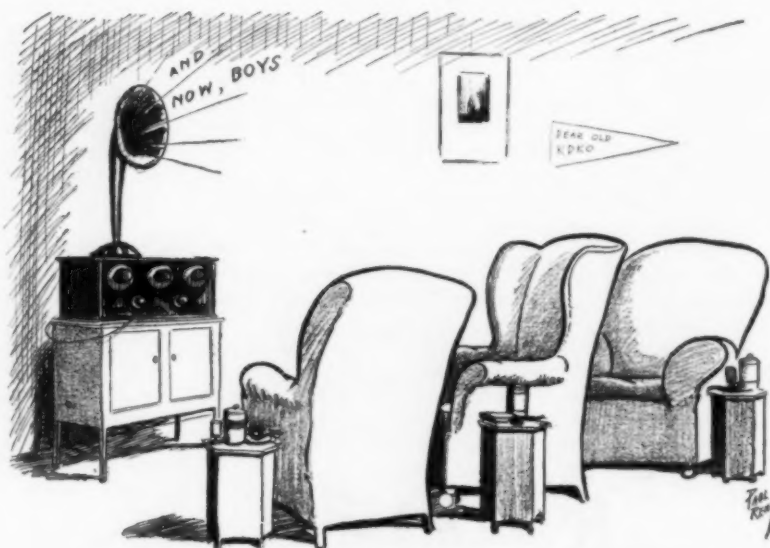
FATHER: Edith is late, isn't she?
It's two A. M. now.

MOTHER: Yes, and if she doesn't come home soon she won't have time to dress for Myrtle's party.

Salon de Raincoat

FIRST FRESHMAN: Does that Soph know much about art?

SECOND FRESHMAN: Does he! Say, he told me that they've hung two of his slickers in Paris.



THREE FRESHMEN PLAYING HOOKY FROM THE RADIO COLLEGE.

The Truth About the New Ford Car

IT will be a small, light six with an eight-cylinder motor radically different in design from any other automobile engine—except the one used in the Lincoln, the Cadillac, the La Salle and a dozen other cars. The new Ford will be the most economical four-cylinder car in the world to operate as it is designed to go forty miles on a gallon of gas—except in the city and in the country where exhaustive tests have proved that the new car

can't get over ten miles to the gallon. It will sell for slightly less than the present model Ford, which will make it the outstanding car in the five-thousand-dollar class. Mr. Ford has created this new model for the express purpose of putting the General Motors Corporation out of business and has just sold all his factories and good-



First Correspondence School Pupil:

THERE GO THE FIRE ENGINES.

Second Ditto: GEE, I HOPE IT'S THE POST OFFICE!

will to the General Motors Corporation. This new model was personally designed by Mr. Ford himself, except the motor, which Colonel Lindbergh conceived during his transatlantic flight, and the body, created by Peaches Browning and Tom Mix.

Robert Lord.



Appreciation

Her Papa: YOUNG MAN, YOU MUST LEAVE EARLIER WHEN YOU CALL ON DOROTHY.

Her Suitor: GOOD—THEN I CAN COUNT ON YOU TO HELP ME GET AWAY AFTER THIS?

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm a WRECK! I mean I'm on the VERGE of collapse, no less, because I mean the other NIGHT at this PARTY that the McTAVishes gave for BONnie BRISTed it was SIMPLY AWful because practicably NONE of the MEN would DANCE with her, my dear, because I mean she doesn't KNOW many men ANYways because she is sort of the QUIET TYPE and all, do you know what I mean? Well, ANYways, I was ACTually emBARrassed to SOBS because I honestly NEVER in my LIFE had such a WHIRL because I mean I couldn't get two STEPS with ANYbody before some one would dash MADly up to cut IN, but I mean I felt TERRibly sorry for BONnie, my dear, because I mean I honestly don't see WHY she isn't POPular because I think she's terribly SWEET and all, only she's the QUIET type, do you know what I mean? Well, ANYways, I was simply FURious about it and I told practicably EVERY one that DANCED with me that she was having a ROTten TIME and they ought to DANCE with her but I mean it's AWfully sort of DIFFicult to DO anything ABOUT things like that because I mean you CAN'T sort of DRAG people up to DANCE with a girl who isn't getting AWAY because I mean girls who DON'T get away are awfully sort of SENSitive about it and all, but I mean I REALLY think when you sort of make it OBvious by trying to GET people to DANCE with a girl who isn't getting AWAY it is terribly unFAIR to the GIRL—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Forty Years!

DESK SERGEANT (to prisoner): I want your name for the police blotter.

PRISONER: It's Htims on a blotter, sir.

"FATHER, did you enjoy yourself when you were a freshman at college?"

"Did I? Why, those were the happiest years of my life!"

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN

The Second (bitterly): YA SAID DIS GUY WOULD BE A PIE FER YA, AND HE KNOCKS YA OUT IN DE SECOND. WHAT'S DE ANSWER?

The Pug (still groggy): WELL, YA SEE, IT WAS DIS WAY... I asked him how he kayoed Kid McDoolin and he said: "Well, you see, it was dis way!"

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

MERLIN BOWEN,
209 N. Broadway,
Havana, Illinois.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

JAMES K. BOYD, Cincinnati, Ohio, for the Alibi: "When I yelled 'foul,' he must have thought he was playing ball, for he gave me two more strikes, and I was out."

P. A. DAILEY, Eureka, California, for the Alibi: "I just stepped off th' curb when de truck hit me, but I heard a guy say his number was eight, nine, ten."

O. HABAS, Brooklyn, New York, for the Alibi: "It must have been a foul, 'cause he hit me in de fracas."

FORREST F. HARBOUR, Mansfield, Massachusetts, for the Alibi: "Dey told me he fought foul, but de dirty crook double-crossed me, and hit me fair."

GEORGE H. LACY, New York City, for the Alibi: "I keeps my eye on his right, like you says, but dis guy keeps his right on my eye."

Life

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 23

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

HAVE you ever been in a tight fix? Of course you have. And how did you get out of it? You used an Alibi, didn't you. Of course you did. Every one living has used Alibis by the dozen to escape from unwelcome predicaments and to ward off disaster and divorce. Alibi-making, in fact, is a serious business.

The domestic little scene pictured below is a typical Alibi-needing situation. The hard-working father has, at great expense, sent his offspring to college and has been entertaining the fond hope that the youngster would make good as a member of either the football or debating team. And what happens? Before the first month is up the boy reappears under the paternal roof wearing his trav-

eling suit and a sheepish expression.

"Why?" the father wants to know—not unnaturally—and the son has to say something.

If you can suggest an ingenious finish to his explanation, and can do it in twenty-five words or less, you will be eligible for one of the pleasant prizes, which are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes
of \$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-THREE will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions on page 23 carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO



Stern Parent: WHAT! BACK FROM COLLEGE ALREADY?
Ex-Freshman: WELL, DAD, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it’s this way . . .” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant’s name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO must reach LIFE’s office before noon on October 13, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of November 3, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE’s staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

The Poor Provider

“HENRY,” exclaimed Mrs. H. P. Bloop to her husband, “at the bridge club to-day I told them you had failed, owing nine thousand dollars, and then that Mrs. Mitz chimed in and said her husband had failed, owing over twenty thousand to his creditors. The cat!”

IT is the ambition of modern man to die with his brakes on.



Serve
BOTTLED CARBONATED DRINKS
alone or in delicious combinations



Send for
This Booklet—

SENT FREE:
Write for “Recipes for Housewife and Hostess.”
Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads,
A. B. C. B., 861 Bond
Bldg., Washington, D. C.

REALLY, it’s amazing the number of dainty combinations you can make with bottled carbonated beverages. Not only sparkling, cool punches, and other drinks with that piquant tangy taste . . . but wonderful salads and frozen desserts which delight the eye and palate.

It’s quite the thing now-a-days to order by the case, just as regularly as you buy groceries. Keep a few bottles on ice, always ready for emergencies.

*There’s a BOTTLER
in your town*

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the ginger ales. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they’re good and good for you!



"The Joy Girl"

THERE can be no question that Olive Borden is a complete and satisfying eye-ful. She has a lovely face, a still more lovely form; she looks well in all manner of costumes; she moves easily and gracefully. There's just one thing missing in her equipment as a movie star—and it's a piffingly unimportant item at that: she can't act.

In "The Joy Girl," Miss Borden has a part which was undoubtedly designed for her, and for her alone, by the most discriminating fashion experts in the Fox studio. She is a girl of humble origin who is turned loose on the golden sands of Palm Beach to snaffle a millionaire; she gets him, of course, but only after she has passed a series of object lessons in the virtue of poverty, the vice of greed, etc., etc.

"The Joy Girl" is a thoroughly third-rate movie—badly acted, carelessly directed and woefully inept in all its mechanical functions; but it will harm no one and may amuse some.

"Soft Cushions"

IN Douglas MacLean's new comedy, "Soft Cushions," there is a young lady who can both look and act. Her name is Sue Carol, and



"DID YOU HEAR THE NEW ORGANIST AT THE CATHEDRAL OF THE MOTION PICTURE LAST NIGHT?"

"NAW, MY WIFE DRAGGED ME OVER TO THE CHURCH TO SEE SOME MOVIES."

from where I sit, she appears to be well started along the primrose path to fame and fortune.

Mr. MacLean, in "Soft Cushions," has made a bold attempt to break away from his usual routine. He impersonates another thief of Bagdad, but one who does not believe that happiness must be earned; indeed, he robs right and left, he insults the sacred person of the Wazir, he double-crosses his own pals, he even pulls the Sultan's beard—and he gets away with it unpenalized.

"Soft Cushions" is extremely pleasant entertainment, principally because of Mr. MacLean's sprightly performance and a series of exceptional sub-titles. It is imbued with much the same cheerfully irreverent spirit that is evident in college musical comedies.

One does become a trifle tired of the innumerable predicaments and narrow escapes in which Mr. MacLean is involved. But one certainly does not grow tired of looking at Miss Carol.

At least, here's one who didn't.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Garden of Allah. A singularly beautiful picture of the desert, and of its effect upon a renegade priest—directed, with his usual superb taste, by Rex Ingram.

Hula. Clara Bow in the flesh, but it's not nearly so alluring as one might expect.

Underworld. A perfectly swell crook melodrama, with the massive George Bancroft and the alert Evelyn Brent.

Old San Francisco. Dolores Costello as the girl whose sex appeal started the San Francisco earthquake.

Adam and Evil. Machine-made humor.

Service for Ladies. Adolphe Menjou as another gay and supremely likable deceiver. This is excellent light comedy.

The Callahans and the Murphys. It seems there were two Irishwomen...

The Blood Ship. Hobart Bosworth and other two-fisted he-men in an exciting demonstration of the power of brute force.

Ten Modern Commandments. A chorus girl's romance—and very tepid, too.

Rolled Stockings. Louise Brooks is most attractive as a campus queen.

Resurrection. This isn't particularly cheerful, but it's unquestionably dramatic

—thanks principally to Dolores Del Rio, the star, and Edwin Carewe, the director.

Tillie the Toiler. Marion Davies as a stenographer who spends at least \$425 a week on clothes.

Fast and Furious. Another of Reginald Denny's peppy but pointless farces.

Camille. The most famous sob-story of all, with Norma Talmadge as the lady who neglected to smoke Old Gold cigarettes.

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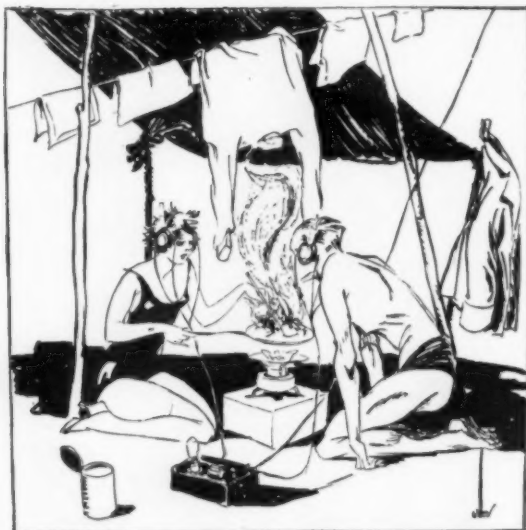
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—Der Götz (Vienna).

Swallow This

A JAPANESE firm will erect a monument "in memory of the oysters whose lives have been sacrificed for the pearls which have enabled the firm to prosper."

It is a considerate and a generous deed. One can imagine the emotions of the crowd at the unveiling, and one would travel far to be present. Particularly if they have engaged a clam as the principal speaker.

—E. C. A., in *Detroit News*.

Worse Than the Disease

"Eugene Jones, who has been in poor health, is gaining rapidly under the treatment he is now taking. He is at work."—*Ohio News*.

WELL, with us it's just the other way: we're a wreck.—*New Yorker*.

BIBULOUS GENT (to contortionist at circus): Shay, ole fellow, whash' matter? You look like I'm drunk!

—*College Humor*.



Artist: NOW, WHAT WERE DRESSES LIKE TEN YEARS AGO?

Dissatisfied Wife: LIKE MINE.

—*Smith's Weekly* (Sydney).

Revised and Corrected

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
And made of her knees
such display
That the old-fashioned
spider,
Embarrassed beside her,
Was actually fright-
ened away!
—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Truth Hurts

Our daily hint to anonymous correspondents on how to hurt the editor's feelings: Don't tell him he's a crook, a drunkard or a tool of the organized liquor interests, if any, which probably isn't true; tell him he can't write good English, which probably is.

—*Ohio State Journal*.

COLLEGE GRADUATE (showing diploma to father): Here's your receipt, Pop.—*Wampus*.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

A caricature from *Everybody's Weekly* (London).

Low Finance

THE scene was the editorial rooms of a morning paper, and the dramatic editor, who comes in after the day shift has gone, met a new face.

"Can you fix me with two bucks until pay day?" he asked. The request was granted.

"Who is that bird?" asked the dramatic man of the night city editor.

"He's the financial editor," was the amazing answer.—*New York Graphic*.

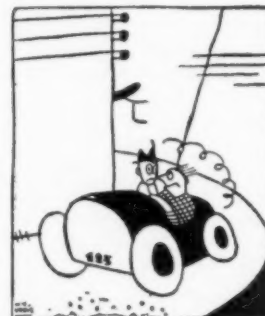
Among the Medicoes

AMERICAN VISITOR (in London): Drive me to Dr. Johnson's house.

TAXICAB DRIVER: Yessir! Er—Harley Street, sir?—*London Evening News*.

GOLF standards are now three: bogey, par and Bobby.

—*New York Evening Post*.



"DID YOU KNOW THAT IT WAS FORETOLD A LONG TIME AGO THAT I'D BE KILLED IN A TERRIBLE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT?"

—*L'Intransigeant* (Paris).

A Lamb to the Slaughter

IN the board rooms of all the brokerage houses of Wall Street there are "customer's men" whose concern is chiefly the increasing of the firm's business and their own coterie of followers. One of these trade hounds saw a stranger seated in front of the quotation board and, after making some general observations on the state of the market, inquired if he was one of the customers.

"No," was the reply, "I'm one of the suckers."

—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

What Every Child Learns

BETTY: You mustn't tell a lie.

JANE: Why not?

BETTY: Because it's like smoking; it isn't right to do until you are grown up.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Why Be a Pedestrian?

Ad in a Craig (Col.) paper: "FOR SALE—Ford Speedster. Any reasonable slum accepted."—*Literary Digest*.



Street Singer (to his wife): LOUDER, YER MISERABLE 'ALF-BAKED SPUD-FACED OLD 'ADDICK (continues singing) — "KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE."

—*Humorist* (London).

"Bugs" Baer Attends a Big Fight

Nor being able to afford more than five dollars a seat we found that we had drawn Ringside Seat Number 1,987,542.

It was right inside the park, but outside the festival. The fighters were so far away they looked like polo players in a flea circus.

It was the first time we had ever seen an atom refereeing a contest between two champion molecules.

But Tex is a great promoter. He must be when he can get forty dollars each from spectators who are paying for the privilege of seeing specks floating in front of their eyes.

—New York American.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Not So Far Wrong!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Now, Willie, what happens to a man who never thinks of his soul, but only of his body?

WILLIE: Please, teacher, he gets fat.
—Outlook.



Author: MY AUTOGRAPH IN THE BOOK? SURELY. "TO MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—" I SAY, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

—L'Intransigeant (Paris).

DIRECTIONS on modern hooch might be, "Tremble Well Before Using."

—Arkansas Gazette.

The Element of Surprise

SLOWLY he approached the chair where she half reclined. How beautiful she was. Hair like spun gold—and full-length profile that would put Venus to shame.

Suddenly she looked up and her eyes met his. He bent down until their faces almost touched and—

Yes, dear reader, he was a dentist, as you already know—but it wasn't office hours.—Michigan Gargoyle.

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Tiger, Tiger!

A PIECE in the paper tells of a man-eating tiger killed in India that was found to be wearing a collar. Our credulity will carry thus far, but if we ever read of one wearing spats and a gardenia we shall be tempted not to believe it.—Arkansas Gazette.

AN owl was found perched on the engine of a train at Eastbourne. We understand that the intelligent creature sounded its hooter at all level crossings.

—Humorist (London).

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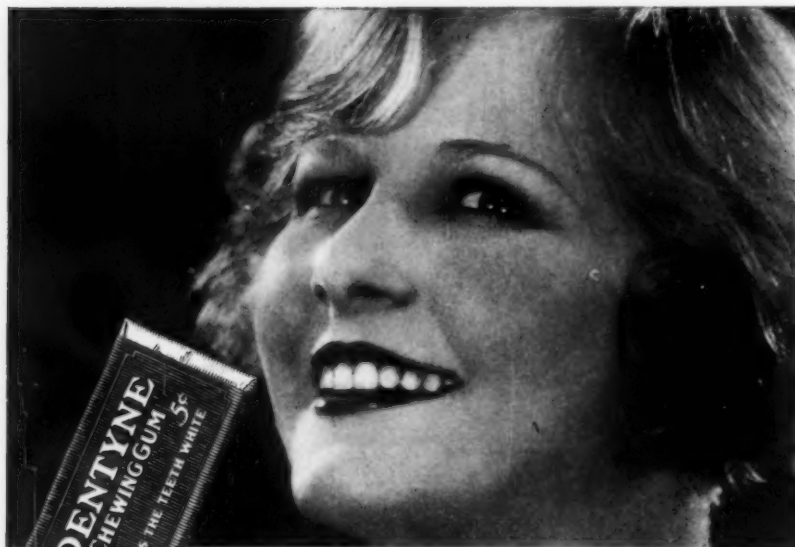
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(Continued on page 30)

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"Can't hear you, Father."

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"Yes, Dad, send me fifty dollars."

—Wichita (Kan.) Journal.

From an examination paper: "Drake was playing bowls when he was told the invisible Armada was in sight."

—Manchester Guardian.

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(Continued from page 29)

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In memory of Wm. John Lloyd, Knoxville, Tenn.	10.00
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John K. Johnston, Wilmington, Del.	5.00
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DRAWING IS A WAY TO FORTUNE

All Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. All Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far ahead in search of wealth—which illustrates a great truth.

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CROSLEY MUSICONE



Magnet coils wound around bakelite bobbins with wire, coated by a substance, which a year's research in the Crosley laboratories developed, keeps the Musicone constantly efficient in any climate.

A new metallurgical

discovery increases the vibrations of the patented actuating unit 10 times over the former type, even then superior to anything on the market with resultant sensitiveness to delicate tones, increased smoothness and finer and greater volume.

If you cannot locate your nearest dealer write Dept. 51 for his name and literature.

THE CROSLEY
RADIO
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Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
Cincinnati, Ohio

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John C. Emery.

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MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

Watch for It!

PAVOTS d'ARGENT SILVER POPPIES



The fragrance
of your sweetest
dream says Paris

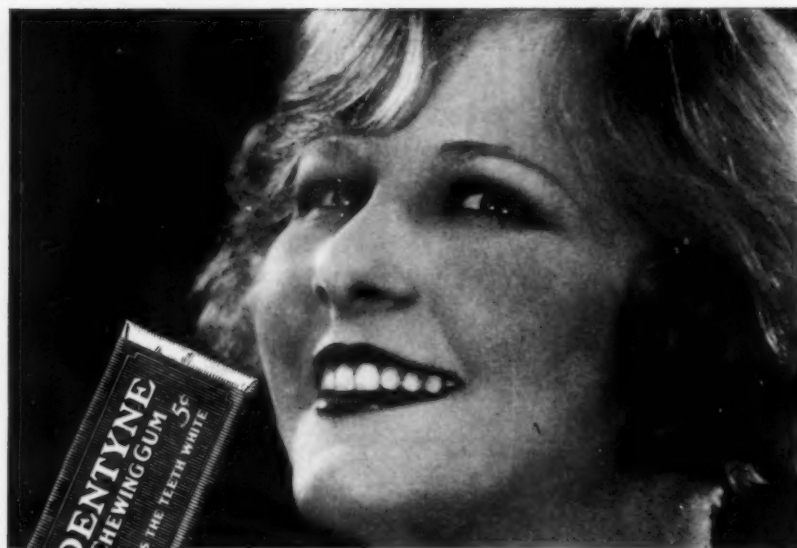
COMES IN ALL THE MOST
DESIRABLE TOILET ARTICLES

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CREATORS OF
FLEURS d'AMOUR - Le JADE
AND MANY OTHER RARE PERFUMES

Chew DENTYNE...and smile!



YOUR teeth are on display when you smile. They should be gleaming, sparkling white behind your lips. Men and women who value clean, white teeth now chew delicious Dentyne—the gum that makes teeth white and beautiful.

• KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE •

Revived

An Arkansas father whose son was doing badly in college tried calling him over the long distance about his grades.

"Hello, John. Why don't you make better grades?" he asked.

"Can't hear you, Father."

"I say, can't you make better grades?"

"Can't hear you, Father."

"I say, John, do you need any money?"

"Yes, Dad, send me fifty dollars."

—Wichita (Kan.) Journal.

From an examination paper: "Drake was playing bowls when he was told the invisible Armada was in sight."

—Manchester Guardian.

FACIAL ERUPTIONS

unsightly and annoying - improved by one application of

Resinol

Acknowledged with Thanks

LIFE acknowledges with very many thanks the receipt at the Potteryville and Branchville Camps of the following donations:

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LIEE's Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 29)

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CREATORS OF
FLEURS d'AMOUR - Le JADE
AND MANY OTHER RARE PERFUMES

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THEY KNOW THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE

ARK how the younger crowd makes new fashions of old favorites! They took to archery—and the kingly old game again tops the social register of sports. Likewise under their patronage, Fatima's reputation as their best-liked cigarette is still "a mark to shoot at"!

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—faintness, stomach disturbances and dizziness caused by Sea, Train, Auto, Air or Car Travel. Mothersill's will promptly end all forms of Travel Sickness.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

More About My Heart

THE pliant lady who complains
Because, in simple faith, she errs;
May be a little short on brains
But sympathy is always hers.

A trusting heart must be a curse:
To that I'll readily agree.
But I've got just as bad or worse.
Bring on a tear or two for me.

I know that men, the while they
woo,

Deceive by instinct and design,
Yet I must keep my rendezvous—
A trysting heart, alas, is mine.

Lois Whitcomb.

"DID you hear about the big peace
conference?"
"No. Who won?"

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

to justice in as little time as the telling takes, whereas in real life we, with the assistance of the real estate agents and the house staff, have been able to do nothing about the bundle of laundry which Katie surrendered to a mysterious stranger in June.

September
6th

To town in haste before luncheon, for no better reason than that at the beginning of summer I did order the rugs to be delivered and laid on the afternoon of this day, but the cleaner's men arrived betimes, thank God, and in such a posse as to frighten me a little and give me the fleeting idea of having them searched for firearms. Their work done quickly, I did walk about our rooms with great satisfaction, having always held Edna Millay's comparison of life to a flight of uncarpeted stairs to be one of the best similes in the language, albeit I do not myself share the gloom of its point of view. Then out to search for a hat, resolved to buy nothing which did not improve my appearance when placed upon my head, which is the law by which every woman should abide, but, alas, does not. Found but one to suit me, a felt unfortunately and inexorably priced at thirty-eight dollars, which astonished me, as I have been wont to pay twenty-five and thirty and sometimes even twenty, and when I did proceed to my dressmaker's and learn that all the new Paris materials which took my fancy were twenty-seven and one-half dollars a yard, so great a depression overtook me that I departed without ordering anything soever, thereby leaving consternation in my wake. God knows I have always followed Polonius's advice as to the costliness of one's habit, but methought the limit of mercantile demand had been reached long since, and now nought seems left to do but to get me to a nunnery or to masquerade as a Russian refugee. Early to bed, swathed in witch-hazel bandaging against my forty-seven mosquito bites.

Baird Leonard.

read **Life**
regularly
EVERY week!

What a Sock!

IPSWICH SOCKS are made to stand the kicking around that socks are bound to get. They wear better than you ever imagined socks could wear, for they are amply reinforced where the kicking around usually does the damage.

The new Ipswich Fancies for this fall and winter are worth going a long way to get. They come in stripes and checks and individual figure patterns, in wool and lisle mixtures, rayon and wool, rayon and fine mercerized yarn.

When you see Ipswich socks in the store, *you'll* get a real kick out of their moderate prices.



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IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass.

FOR MEN

LAWRENCE & CO., Sole Selling Agents

Life



THE *New* FRESHMAN ELECTRIC RADIO

acids } NO } water
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Always Ready... Always Right

The cabinet panelled entirely of genuine mahogany, contains a large cone speaker mounted on a Baffle Board, which is placed in a remarkably resonant tone chamber, rendering exceptionally fine tone quality and "true-to-life" reproduction.

Freshman EQUAPHASE

Plug in Your Light
Socket and Listen

\$185.00

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